



# Poetry in First Languages

## Gundungurra

### Red Room Poetry

Red Room Poetry's vision is to make poetry a meaningful part of everyday life. We create poetic projects and learning programs in collaboration with a spectrum of poets, schools, communities and partners for positive social impact. Our mission is to make poetry accessible to all, especially those who face the greatest barriers to creative opportunities.

### Poetry in First Languages

Developed by Gunai Poet, Kirli Saunders, Poetry in First Languages (PIFL), delivered by Red Room Poetry, celebrates, shares and preserves knowledge of First Nations languages and culture through poetry, music and art. PIFL seeks to support students to create poetry in First Languages by connecting them to First Nations Poets, Elders and Language Custodians on country through RR workshops. In March 2018, poet Kirli Saunders guided students from Moss Vale High School, Moss Vale Public School and Mittagong Public School through a PIFL resource tailored to Gundungurra country with elder Aunty Velma Mulcahy and language custodian Aunty Trish Levett.

These workshops on Gundungurra country were generously supported by Wingecarribee Shire Council, Australian Decorative Fine Arts Society Bowral, Participants in the Australia Council's 2018 Arts Leaders Program, Graeme Wood Foundation, ABC and AIME.

### About the poet

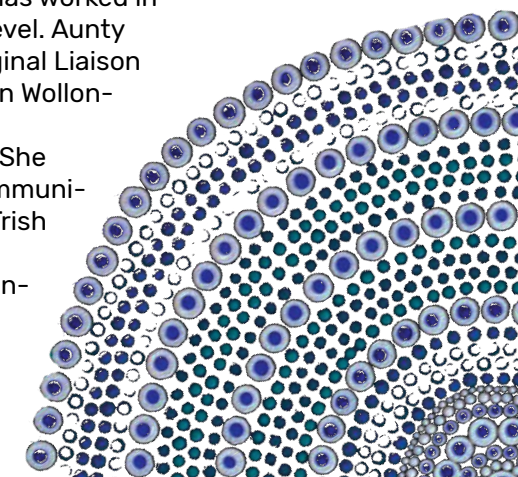
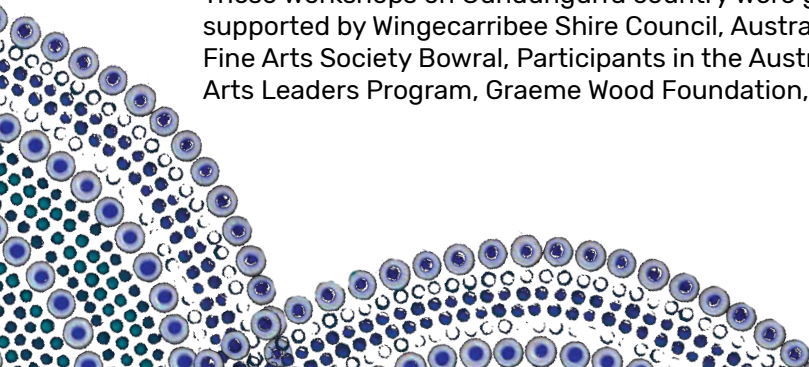
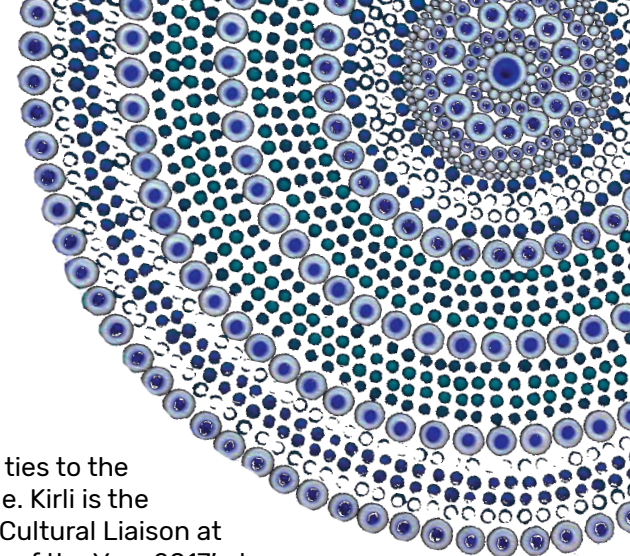
Kirli Saunders is a proud Gunai woman with ties to the Yuin, Gundungurra, Gadigal and Biripi people. Kirli is the Manager of Poetic Learning and Aboriginal Cultural Liaison at Red Room Poetry. She was awarded 'Worker of the Year 2017' at the NAIDOC awards in the Illawarra/ Shoalhaven region. Kirli founded the Poetry in First Languages project. She is a Gundungurra Custodian.

### About the elder

Aunty Velma Mulcahy OAM is a Gundungurra Elder. Aunty Val was born on the Aboriginal reserve at La Perouse in Sydney and grew up both there and at Wreck Bay on the South Coast of NSW. Her family are the Gundungurra and Wodi Wodi. She graduated in 1990 with a Graduate Diploma in Health Science (Aboriginal Health & Community Development) (1990). In 1995, Aunty Val moved to Gundungurra country, the land of her Grandmother. She has worked tirelessly as an Elder at Yamanda Aboriginal Community Centre, to share stories, knowledge, wisdom and language.

### About the language custodian

Aunty Trish Levett is a proud Gundungurra Elder from "Mittagong" (Mittagong), Wingecarribee (Woonjeegaaribay). She has worked in Aboriginal health for over 20 years at a grass roots level. Aunty Trish currently works for Kiama Council as the Aboriginal Liaison Officer and works for the Aboriginal Medical Service in Wollongong as an Aboriginal Health worker in the cancer care team which is the first for the state. She teaches culture and bush medicines throughout communities and is an Aboriginal Cultural Consultant. Aunty Trish sits on the Aboriginal Tent Embassy in Canberra as an Ambassador representing her family on Gundungurra country





**Bundanoon's Creek**

-Cade Wilson, Year 7, Moss Vale High School

I smell Bundanoon's Creek,  
I hear the Kurrangang.  
I see the trenches,  
I feel the cold in warrin.

~

I smell Bundanoon's Creek,  
I hear the magpie.  
I see the trenches,  
I feel the cold in winter.

**Kangaroo Valley**

- Cade Wilson, Year 7, Moss Vale High School

Lots of hills, very green, very calm.  
Jamberoo Mountain Pass bends like a Snake.  
The steep, narrow, winding hill.  
It's meant to be there, it belongs.

**The Gadung Mullyang**

-Cade Wilson, Year 7, Moss Vale High School

Daoure's mil, Gummuang,  
tells me to respect Gummuang Daoure.  
She made this bawa canbe.  
She makes the bawa green.  
She holds the dulang.  
She gives us gifts like the gadung mullyang  
to send messages around.

~

We must respect Mother Earth.  
She made the bush fire.  
She keeps the bush green.  
She holds the river.  
She gives us gifts like the Sea Eagle  
to send messages around.

**Daoure's Eyes**

-Cade Wilson, Year 7, Moss Vale High School

As the bawa burns and the dulang runs,  
I smell the burnt moss  
and the smoke from the bawa.  
Fire coming closer as it burns the old tree bark  
and the bawa disappears.  
Dig up dead grass and take the water  
from the old water hole.

~

As the bush burns and the river runs,  
I smell the burnt moss  
and the smoke from the bush.  
Fire coming closer as it burns the old tree bark  
and the bush disappears.  
Dig up dead grass and take the water  
from the old water hole.



**The Bush**

~Ewan, Year 7, Moss Vale High School

I smell the clean air,  
I hear the gugubara singing.  
I see the leaves swaying from side to side,  
I feel the tranquility of nature.

~

I smell the clean air,  
I hear the kookaburra singing.  
I see the leaves swaying from side to side,  
I feel the tranquility of nature.

**Mirren**

~Ewan, Year 7, Moss Vale High School

To belong goolanjee need to be able to smell  
the flowing tooluan,  
Hear the voices of your ngaabuung  
guiding goolanjee through everyday situations.  
Goolanjee need to yana the path ahead.  
Goolanjee should feel proud  
of who goolanjee are  
and where goolanjee came from.  
Goolanjee should feel one  
with Doure and the people.

~

To belong you need to be able to smell  
the flowing river,  
Hear the voices of your grandfather  
guiding you through everyday situations.  
You need to walk the path ahead.  
You should feel proud  
of who you are  
and where you came from.  
You should feel one  
with Earth and the people.

**Mount Gibraltar**

~Ewan, Year 7, Moss Vale High School

Enormous. Towering. Tranquil.  
It is like the tallest shadow shadowing  
the landscape.  
It is a tranquil growing place for trees.  
It is a towering mountain  
showing off its greatness  
to the Southern Highlands.  
With its enormous height and mass  
in bush and rocky faces,  
It is a true monument.  
It sings it's power to the world.



### ***Bush Whispers***

-Tahnisha, Moss Vale High School.

I smell water, bush whispers, rain.  
I hear birds.  
I see birds singing.  
I feel weird, funny, sick.

### ***Belmore Falls***

-Tahnisha, Moss Vale High School

Red, overgrown, overflowing,  
Belmore Falls is a meeting place.  
Water runs through the red earth crossing over,  
Earth and water mixing.

### ***Canbe Bunyal***

-Grace Buckley, Year 11, Moss Vale High School

I smell the burrangurang.  
I hear the canbe.  
I see a mugadung  
I feel the bunyal.

~

I smell the grass.  
I hear the fire.  
I see a blue tounge  
I feel the sun.

### ***Carrington Falls***

-Grace Buckley, Year 11, Moss Vale High School

Flowing, falling, rippling,  
the Kedumba is like a dulang of happy tears.  
luxurious flowing waters,  
dollops of bright light and colours.  
like a view in a photograph.  
dreams of the bush.  
the water and trees are harmonizing  
with the birds and the bees.

~

Flowing, falling, rippling,  
the waterfall is like a river of happy tears.  
luxurious flowing waters,  
dollops of bright light and colours.  
like a view in a photograph.  
dreams of the bush.  
the water and trees are harmonizing  
with the birds and the bees.



### **A young Girl**

~ Grace Buckley, Year 11, Moss Vale High School

True heart and blood tell me where nga am.  
Nga will not listen to the cruel pialla,  
that has left your mouth  
and now kurang goolanga.  
Because nga know who nga am.  
Nga know my Mirren.  
Your pialla hurts but gummuang and  
ngaabuung know best.  
Because ancestry shields me.  
Nga garragin them, but they know me.

~

True heart and blood tell me where I am.  
I will not listen to the cruel words,  
that has left your mouth and now cloud me.  
Because I know who I am.  
I know my belonging.  
Your talk hurts but mother and  
grandmother know best.  
Because ancestry shields me.  
I don't know them, but they know me.

### **The damp forest**

~ Ta-Mieqka, Moss Vale High School

I smell the damp forest and wet ground.  
I hear the twitching beyond what I can see.  
I see the glowing of the earth worms.  
I feel the refreshing breeze.  
The nature is sleeping,  
I don't know where I'm from,  
or the language I should speak.

~

Cool, beautiful and extraordinary.  
The birds chirping like they have no worries.  
Some trees have fallen but more have grown.  
The Nature is all around me and somehow I feel  
at home.  
The birds laugh, they whistle.  
They dance along the forest floor

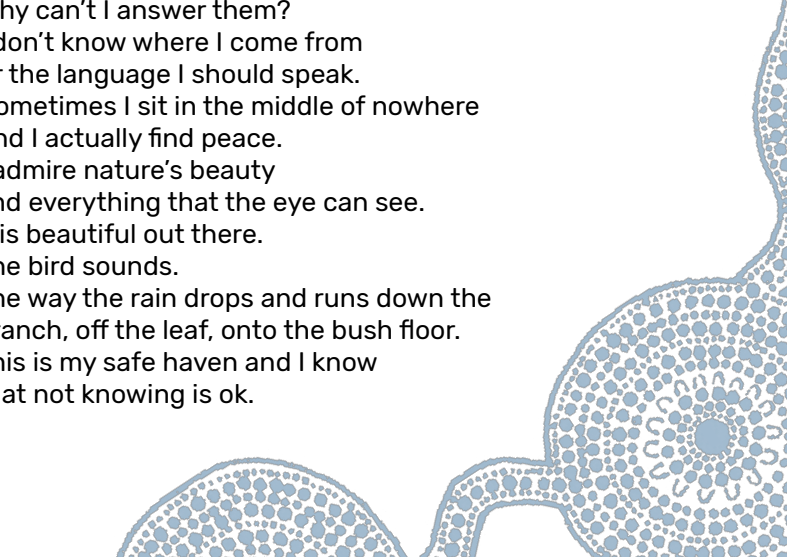
### **Where do I come from?**

~ Ta-Mieqka, Moss Vale High School

The burri hits, the bundil is gone.  
Nature is sleeping, I sit there  
and wander in my own mind.  
I ask myself all the questions I never  
got the answers to.  
Why can't I answer them?  
I don't know where I come from  
or the language I should speak.  
Sometimes I sit in the middle of nowhere  
and I actually find peace.  
I admire nature's beauty  
and everything that the eye can see.  
It is beautiful out there.  
The bird sounds.  
The way the rain drops and runs down the  
branch, off the leaf, onto the bawa floor.  
This is my safe haven and I know  
that not knowing is ok.

~

The night hits, the sun is gone.  
Nature is sleeping, I sit there  
and wander in my own mind.  
I ask myself all the questions I never  
got the answers to.  
Why can't I answer them?  
I don't know where I come from  
or the language I should speak.  
Sometimes I sit in the middle of nowhere  
and I actually find peace.  
I admire nature's beauty  
and everything that the eye can see.  
It is beautiful out there.  
The bird sounds.  
The way the rain drops and runs down the  
branch, off the leaf, onto the bush floor.  
This is my safe haven and I know  
that not knowing is ok.





### **Carrington Falls**

~Stephanie, Moss Vale High School

Dry, tough, rocky.  
It is as sacred as family.  
Water crashes against the rocks,  
As the water waltzes down the river.

### **Where are they?**

~Stephanie, Moss Vale High School

So many questions, yet no answers.  
No one knows anything,  
not even the language we speak.

Where are all the people  
we used to sit and talk with?

I want to know their story  
and what they have been through.

The things we have gone through prove  
we are yurwang and capable of anything.

~

So many questions, yet no answers.  
No one knows anything,  
not even the language we speak.

Where are all the people  
we used to sit and talk with?

I want to know their story and what they have  
been through.

The things we have gone through prove we are  
strong and capable of anything.

### **The Tooluan**

~Cody, Year 11, Moss Vale High School.

I smell the tooluan.  
I hear the jerrawa.  
I see the cuangy.  
I feel the bundil.  
Your green gullies are a wall of safety,  
For everyone and everything.

~

I smell the river.  
I hear the possum.  
I see the stars.  
I feel the sun.  
Your green gullies are a wall of safety,  
For everyone and everything.



## **My Farm**

~Cody, Year 11, Moss Vale High School

Green, quiet, rocky,  
It's so quiet that goolanjee can hear  
the field mice running amok.  
Your green gullies are a wall of safety  
for everyone and everything.  
Protection goolanjee provide  
for all of nature's wonders

~

Green, quiet, rocky.,  
It's so quiet that I can hear  
the field mice running amok.  
Your green gullies are a wall of safety  
for everyone and everything.  
Protection I provide  
for all of nature's wonders

## **Glow worm glen**

~Cody, Year 11, Moss Vale High School

As nga yana through the bawa with gummuang,  
We stop and listen to the buddawaks.  
We come to the stairs of glow worm glen.  
As we walk down the stairs  
we see a few jerrawals in the darrambyang.  
We reach the bottom of the stairs.  
I stop and listen and watch.  
I watch the jerra,  
I listen to the durawi rustling against each other.  
I feel connected to this land.  
A cool blow of wind sweeps through me.  
We start the trek back up the nadunga.  
We finally make it back up the nadunga  
and I am tired after walking that.  
I take a final look and I see a dwiuga!

~

As I walk through the bush with mother,  
We stop and listen to the owls.  
We come to the stairs of glow worm glen.  
As we walk down the stairs  
we see a few possums in the white gum tree.  
We reach the bottom of the stairs.  
I stop and listen and watch.  
I watch the stars,  
I listen to the grass rustling against each other.  
I feel connected to this land.  
A cool blow of wind sweeps through me.  
We start the trek back up the hill.  
We finally make it back up the hill  
and I am tired after walking that.  
I take a final look and I see a falling star!



### **Goolanga am**

~Shayla, Year 11, Moss Vale High School

Goolanga coy mirren to my gummuang  
curayan and dyidyung dyadyanga  
To my gummuang I grew from a dumba  
to a bullan in a matter of seconds,  
But to me I am still a good ja gah learning yarra,  
I watch the winyooa and gonya  
pass the burral and burriooloo  
I am one with the bunyal tyeluck and jerra  
like my grandmother was,  
See the canbe in my mil and tooluan in my soul.

I am yurwang, I am the karrat,  
I am a dwiuga,  
Even though my curayan left me  
and my gummuang is sick.  
I am proud

~

I come here belonging to my mother,  
father and older brother  
To my mother I grew from a baby  
to a woman in a matter of seconds,  
But to me I am still a small child learning to swim,  
I watch the sunrise and sunset  
pass the sun and night.  
I am one with the sun, moon and stars  
like my grandmother was,  
See the fire in my eyes and river in my soul.

I am strong, I am the rain,  
I am a falling star,  
Even though my father left me  
and my mother is sick.  
I am proud

### **The Beach**

~Rumah, Year 3, Moss Vale Primary School

Sunny, wavey, calm,  
It is as warm as a blanket.  
The waves wash gadung onto the shore.  
The gadung sways to the guwara's song.

~

Sunny, wavey, calm,  
It is as warm as a blanket.  
The waves wash sea onto the shore.  
The sea sways to the strong wind's song.





**The Bush**

~Marissa, Year 2, Moss Vale Primary School

Green, crunchy, sweet smelling.  
The darrambyang's are waving like people.  
Noisy colo's shake the darrambyang.  
The bawa, a breath of fresh air.

~

Green, crunchy, sweet smelling.  
The white gum tree's are waving like people.  
Noisy koalas shake the white gum tree.  
The bush, a breath of fresh air.

**Wombeyan Caves**

~Samson, Year 2, Moss Vale Primary School

Rocks, green, raining,  
Wombeyan gibber gunyaki is a beautiful place,  
with bats and kangaroos.  
It's really spooky.  
When you come out of the gibber gunyaki,  
there is green grass.  
It feels like you fell through a portal,  
in the dark gibber gunyaki with puddles.

~

Rocks, green, raining,  
Wombeyan cave is a beautiful place,  
with bats and kangaroos.  
It's really spooky.  
When you come out of the cave,  
there is green grass.  
It feels like you fell through a portal,  
in the dark cave with puddles.

~

**The Dulang**

~Nate, Year 5, Moss Vale Primary School

Peaceful, lovely and luscious.  
The water flowing peacefully  
over the currobung,  
making ripples and tunnels.  
The browns turn to a dark green  
on the banks of the calm, flowing, guru.  
Wild chickens chirp and cluck to one another.  
The gentle bubbling is like soft whispers  
through the burri.

~

Peaceful, lovely and luscious.  
The water flowing peacefully  
over the rocks,  
making ripples and tunnels.  
The browns turn to a dark green  
on the banks of the calm, flowing, water.  
Wild chickens chirp and cluck to one another.  
The gentle bubbling is like soft whispers  
through the night.



### ***Nellie's Glen***

-Tori, Year 4/5, Moss Vale Primary School

Soothing, cold, beautiful,  
It is like a surprise birthday party.  
It has a little baby kedumba,  
like a stream with a  
good currobung to skip along the water.  
The leaning darrambyang stand over my head,  
The deep water likes to tangara.

~

Soothing, cold, beautiful,  
It is like a surprise birthday party.  
It has a little baby waterfall,  
like a stream with a  
good rock to skip along the water.  
The leaning white gum tree stand over my head,  
The deep water likes to dance.

### ***The Gadung***

-Ebony, Year 3/4, Moss Vale Primary School

The gadung is salty, sandy and ginormous.  
It helps me calm down.  
The sounds of the guru help me focus  
And it flows like the wind.  
It is filled with people and usually super-hot.  
The sand is always warm,  
The gadung lives a life like us people.

~

The sea is salty, sandy and ginormous.  
It helps me calm down.  
The sounds of the deep water help me focus  
And it flows like the wind.  
It is filled with people and usually super-hot.  
The sand is always warm,  
The sea lives a life like us people.



### ***Gardens***

-Wyatt, Year 2, Moss Vale Primary School

Large, peaceful, colourful.  
It is fun like playing bull-rush with my brother.  
Flowers move in the wind,  
People walk around the gardens and shops.  
The gardens move quickly.

### ***Grandma's Gardens***

-Coda, Year 2, Moss Vale Primary School

Safe, warm, cosey.  
The garden is safe like being with my Gran.  
The garden is full of flowers, frogs, and sun.  
Grandma's garden grows like I do.  
My garden is safe and cold.



### **Lake Alexandra**

~Miah, Year 3/4, Moss Vale Primary School

The lake is crystal-clear like a diamond.  
Your blue water rests on sacred daoure.  
The darrambyang breathe slowly.  
It is calm. I can feel the durawi growing.  
The bunyal is shining like a jerra.

~

The lake is crystal-clear like a diamond.  
Your blue water rests on sacred earth.  
The white gum trees breathe slowly.  
It is calm. I can feel the grass growing.  
The sun is shining like a star.

### **The Farm**

~Bindi, Year 6, Moss Vale Primary School

Uncle Kim's farm,  
Currohung roads and happy smiles,  
It's a fun and happy place to play  
with my cousins.  
It's like a ride at Movie World  
when nga play with my cousin Nicholas.  
When you drive onto the currohung driveway,  
You are almost immediately  
surrounded by darrambyang and animals.  
Nga feel amazed and excited.  
When nga enter their front door,  
I am greeted by hugs and smiles from my uncle.  
The farm is built very strong and smiles at me  
when my family laugh and chat in it.

~

Uncle Kim's farm, rocky roads and happy smiles.  
It's a fun and happy place to play  
with my cousins.  
It's like a ride at Movie World  
when I play with my cousin Nicholas.  
When you drive onto the rocky driveway,  
You are almost immediately  
surrounded by gum trees and animals.  
I feel amazed and excited.  
When i enter their front door,  
I am greeted by hugs and smiles from my uncle.  
The farm is built very strong and smiles at me  
when my family laugh and chat in it.

### **Gundungurra**

~Bindi, Year 6, Moss Vale Primary School

I have come here to have good friendships  
with my moodge.  
Nga pialla to my best moodge.  
Sometimes we go on school excursions.  
Some are to yarra, some are yoongaba.  
Nga love the land and most definitely  
all my family and moodge's.  
When nga go outside, nga also take my ipad.  
I feel a sense of mirren  
when nga am with my moodge.  
I see my dog playing outside  
with her squeaky toys,  
I hear birds chirping  
and my cat meowing.

~

I have come here to have good friendships  
with my friends.  
I talk to my best friend.  
Sometimes we go on school excursions.  
Some are to swim, some are to sing.  
I love the land and most definitely  
all my family and friends.  
When I go outside, I also take my ipad.  
I feel a sense of belonging  
when I am with my friend.  
I see my dog playing outside  
with her squeaky toys,  
I hear birds chirping  
and my cat meowing.



### **Fitzroy Falls**

~Daniel, Year 6, Moss Vale Primary School

Magnificent, peaceful, rough.  
It flows like a tyeraweeet.  
The darrambyan tangara with the wind,  
the buddawak swooshes as we take photos.  
The birds yoongaba about gummuang nature.

~

Magnificent, peaceful, rough.  
It flows like a black snake.  
The trees dance with the wind,  
the owl swooshes as we take photos.  
The birds sing about mother nature.

### **The Bawa**

~Thomas, Year 2, Moss Vale Primary School

Brown, green, dark.  
The bawa is dark like the burri.  
The bawa and darrambyang  
sit up on the landscape.  
The bawa is like a tangara.

~

### **The Bush**

Brown, green, dark.  
The bush is dark like the night.  
The bush and gum trees  
ssit up on the landscape.  
The bush is like a dance.



### **The Garden**

~Harena, Year 6, Moss Vale Primary School

Magnificant, green garden.  
The garden is beautiful like my gummuang.  
The garden lives a strong life.  
The gamba in the garden  
smile like my beautiful dyidyung dyadyanga.

~

Magnificant, green garden.  
The garden is beautiful like my mother.  
The garden lives a strong life.  
The flowers in the garden  
smile like my beautiful older brother



**Bowral**

-Jakeina, Year 3/4, Moss Vale Primary School

Blue, splashing, awesome.  
The dulang is quick  
like birds flying above the sky.  
Nga feel so connected to the daoure here.  
The darrambyang tell stories of our Bidiga Bidi.

~

Blue. Splashing. Awesome.  
The river is quick like birds flying above the sky.  
I feel so connected to the earth here.  
The gum trees tell stories of our grandmothers

**Belmore Falls**

-Ruby, Year 3/4, Moss Vale Primary School

Belmore Falls is calming,  
where you can connect with mother daoure,  
the animals and the gamba.  
You can feel the way the wind from the kedumba  
wraps around your face.  
You stare off into the burragula  
and see the water glisten.  
It washes over you like a wave.  
The spirits are around and singing,  
Mother daoure protects and takes care of you,

You will be calm.

When night falls, you can see the tyeluck.  
The guru likes to tangara with the berrima,  
We sit by the canbe singing.

~

Belmore Falls is calming,  
where you can connect with mother earth,  
the animals and the flower.  
You can feel the way the wind from the waterfall  
wraps around your face.  
You stare off into the sunset  
and see the water glisten.  
It washes over you like a wave.  
The spirits are around and singing,  
Mother earth protects and takes care of you,

You will be calm.

When night falls, you can see the moon.  
The water likes to dance with the black swans,  
We sit by the fire singing.

**Home**

-Charlie, Year 3/4, Moss Vale Primary School

Fun, sweet, special,  
It is noisy like a farm.  
It is safe, we are surrounded by family.  
Home.  
Running fast in a race.



**Flowers**

-Charlie, Year 3/4, Moss Vale Primary School

I smell the flowers blooming.  
I hear the wind howling.  
I see lizards scuffling.  
I feel the swaying bushes.

**Beach**

-Bella, Year 3/4, Moss Vale Primary School

Sunny, beautiful crystal-clear,  
It's warm like a hot chocolate.  
Your sandy shores sing a song that I love.  
Waves are singing and like to tangara.  
It's cool and I love it.

~

Sunny, beautiful crystal-clear,  
It's warm like a hot chocolate.  
Your sandy shores sing a song that I love.  
Waves are singing and like to dance.  
It's cool and I love it.



**Birds Tweeting**

-Layla, Year 3, Mittagong Primary School

I smell the fresh air.  
I hear the birds tweeting.  
I see the water splashing.  
I feel the cold water tickling my feet.



### **Fresh Water**

~Alexis, Year 5, Mittagong Primary School

I smell the fresh water and the gum trees.  
I hear birds in the tree, trees blowing.  
I see trees everywhere,  
a river running through the bush.  
I feel safe, fresh and calm.  
I feel connected

### **Wombeyan Gibber Gunyaki**

~Alexis, Year 5, Mittagong Primary School

Tranquil, peaceful, rushing.  
The burrie bawa is the Birriban's feathers.  
The stringy green burrangurang brushes over  
goolanga hand.  
The karrat sprinkles down on the dulang  
making it tangara.

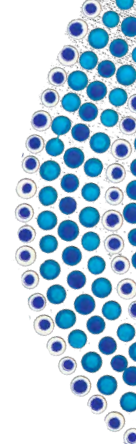
~

Tranquil, peaceful, rushing.  
The night's bush is the emu's feathers.  
The stringy green grass brushes over my hand.  
The rain sprinkles down on the river  
making it dance.

### **Flowers**

~Bree, Year 3, Mittagong Primary School

I smell the flowers in the bushes.  
I hear the wind blowing in the air.  
I see the water shimmering in the lake.  
I feel the bushes rubbing against me.





**Fitzroy Falls**

-Bree, Year 3, Mittagong Primary School

Beautiful, crystal-clear, sparkling,  
The kedumba rushes down  
like waves at the beach.  
The kedumba bubbles,  
they are what we breathe.  
The kedumba tangara down  
Gundungurra Country.

-

Beautiful, crystal-clear, sparkling,  
The waterfall rushes down  
like waves at the beach.  
The waterfall bubbles,  
they are what we breathe.  
The waterfall tangara down  
Gundungurra Country.

**Moist Earth**

-Ellah, Year 5, Mittagong Primary School.

I smell the moist earth.  
I hear the Kookaburra laughing.  
I see the birds in the trees.  
I feel the leaves crunch in my hand.



**Fitzroy Falls**

-Ellah, Year 5, Mittagong Primary School

Smooth, green, bubbling.  
The dulang is a slithering wagul.  
It flows like a person tipping water out of a cup.  
The dulang climbs over the currobung

-

Smooth, green, bubbling.  
The river is a slithering diamond python.  
It flows like a person tipping water out of a cup.  
The river climbs over the rocks





**Clear air**

~Henry, Year 6, Mittagong Primary School

I smell clear air.  
I hear the bushes rubbing against each other.  
I see dark sky.  
I feel powerful.

**The Tooluan**

~Henry, Year 6, Mittagong Primary School

Clean, exciting, secluded,  
The tooluan is as guru as the ocean.  
The tooluan edge is currobung,  
with water splashing and making it slippery.  
The tooluan nyamburro nega at night.

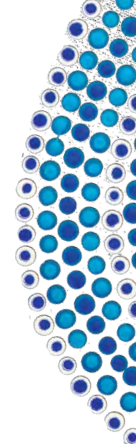
~

Clean, exciting, secluded,  
The river is as deep as the ocean.  
The river edge is rock,  
with water splashing and making it slippery.  
The river settles at night.

**Gum Leaves**

~Jake, Year 6, Mittagong Primary School

I smell fresh gum leaves.  
I hear birds playing in the trees.  
I see gentle flowing water.  
I feel calm and relaxed,  
crunching leaves under my feet.





### ***My Home***

-Jake, Year 6, Mittagong Primary School

Dumbaa, blue. rough.  
The tooluan flows as fast as a flash of light.  
The water flows guru than your mind can think.  
The tooluan goes with the flow.

~

Dumbaa, blue. rough,  
The river flows as fast as a flash of light.  
The water flows deeper than your mind can think.  
The river goes with the flow

### ***Fresh Air***

-Kayden, Year 5, Mittagong Primary School

I smell fresh air.  
I hear Kookaburra's playing in the trees.  
I see Kookaburra's flying high in the sky.  
I feel soft grass on my back.



### ***My Backyard***

-Kayden, Year 5, Mittagong Primary School

Smudge of green, soft, bubbling,  
The bawa is a quiet library nyamburro nega in.  
A bawa is a chair made from durrambyang  
leaves and peace.  
The bawa paints Gundungurra daoure  
yellow, black and bulber.

~

Smudge of green, soft, bubbling,  
The bush is a quiet library to settle in.  
The bush is a chair  
made from many leaves and peace.  
The bush paints Gundungurra earth  
yellow, black and red.



### ***Fitzroy Falls***

~Layla, Year 3, Mittagong Primary School

Crystal-clear, pretty, twisty.  
The dulang is like a noisy car.  
It rushes like my Gummuang and Bidiga Bidi.  
The dulang rises like my  
Biddiga Bidi's blood pressure.

~

Crystal-clear, pretty, twisty.  
The river is like a noisy car.  
It rushes like my Mother and Grandmother.  
The river rises like my  
Grandmother's blood pressure.

### ***The Flowers***

~Monique, Year 3, Mittagong Primary School

I smell flowers.  
I hear the waterfall.  
I see eagles flying in the sky.  
I feel the wind rushing on me.

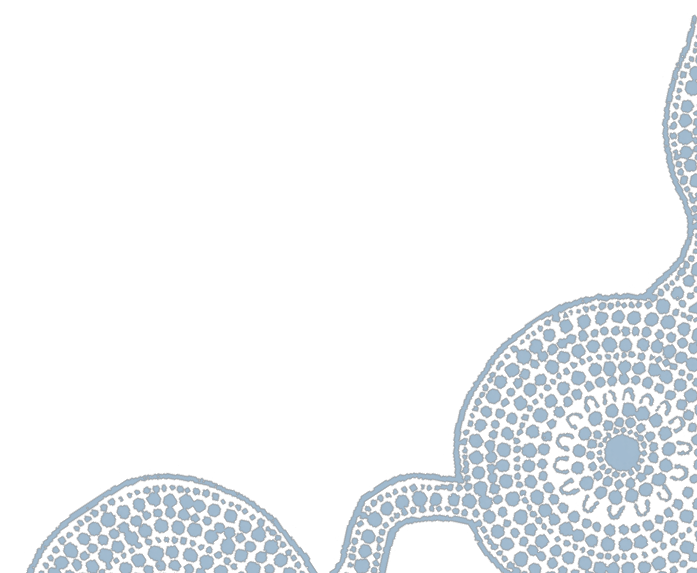
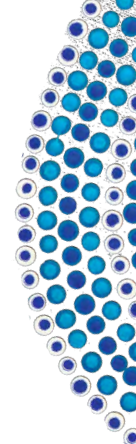
### ***The Kedumba***

~Monique, Year 3, Mittagong Primary School

Windy, crystal-clear, luscious.  
The kedumba is like a running tap.  
It is my peaceful place in the winyoo  
The dulang swims on the currobung.

~

Windy, crystal-clear, luscious.  
The kedumba is like a running tap.  
It is my peaceful place in the sunrise  
The river swims on the rock.





**Gum Leaves**

-Paige, Year 3,  
Mittagong Primary School

I smell gum leaves hanging from the trees.  
I hear the wind blowing in the trees.  
I see birds gliding in the sky.  
I feel like I belong to the earth.

**Salt Water**

-Sharni, Year 5, Mittagong Primary School

I can smell salt water.  
I hear a waterfall splashing.  
I see a beautiful black cockatoo on a twig.  
I feel connected to my ancestors.

**The Bawa**

-Paige, Year 3, Mittagong Primary School

Soft, luscious, blue.  
The darrambyang are buggarabang like a cayen.  
The bundo-luk chatter  
in the darrambyang pialla their stories.  
The gibber gunyaki is sacred.

~

Soft, luscious, blue.  
The gum trees are large like a man.  
The parrots chatter  
in the trees speaking their stories.  
The cave is sacred.

**The Bawa**

-Sharni, Year 5, Mittagong Primary School

Wonderful, superb, soft.  
The durawi is like a soft piece of blanket.  
It is as green as my gulwun mil  
when she smiles.  
When the guwara blows, the durawi tagara.

~

Wonderful, superb, soft.  
The grass is like a soft piece of blanket.  
It is as green as my sisters eyes  
when she smiles.  
When the strong wind blows, the grass dances.



**Moss**

~Thomas, Year 5, Mittagong Primary School

I can smell Moss.  
I hear Cockatoo's.  
I see a spider on the ground.  
I feel soft, green grass.

**The Earth**

~Tuniaya, Year 6, Mittagong Primary School

I smell the earth.  
I hear the water splashing.  
I see seagulls eating.  
I feel happy and tranquil.

**The Currobung**

~Thomas, Year 5, Mittagong Primary School

Soft, warm, magnificent.  
The currobung are rough like a road.  
The darrambyang sway like a butterfly.  
The currobung pialla to the darawi.

~

Soft, warm, magnificent.  
The rocks are rough like a road.  
The gum trees sway like a butterfly.  
The rocks talk to the night.

**Mount Alexandria**

~Tuniaya, Year 6, Mittagong Primary School

Beautiful, tranquil, clean.  
Mount Alexandria is as buggarabang as the gadung.  
The gunar is quiet and still.  
Your ancestors watch as they pialla.

~

Beautiful, tranquil, clean.  
Mount Alexandria is as large as the sea.  
The mountain top is quiet and still.  
Your ancestors watch as they whisper.

